

N

Discommendatory VERSES,
ON THOSE
Which are Truly Commendatory,
ON THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
Two ARTHURS,
AND THE
Satyr against WIT.

Laudat, amat, cantat nostros mea Roma Libellos,
Meq; sinus omnes, me manus omnis habet.
Ecce! rubet quidam, palles, stupet, oscitat, odit,
Hoc volo, nunc nobis Carmina nostra placent.

Mart.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year, MDCC.

6. April.

Dilectionis & MERITI
THE On those
Which the Truly Commendatory
A N T H R O P I C
R O U T E
ARTHUR'S
A N D A
S E C U R I T Y W I T H

I had a man called Moses who wrote I believe,
Moses, who writes in many other papers.
Free spirit, diligent, full, liberal, etc., etc., etc.,
His soul, which carries him very far.

MRC

Printed in the Year MDCCLXVII

London

The PREFACE

The Preface.

AS it requires not much Thought to find out the Author of the Dedication to the Commendatory Verses, so there is no necessity of much Pains to return an Answer to it. Since Faulties are known to People who are unprejudic'd by their first appearance, and there is occasion for no other Method to find 'em out, than a true knowledge of the Gentleman who is abus'd. The Dedicatoe had long since been conversant in Scandal, and Abuses are as familiar to him as it is to be abus'd: We shall therefore leave him awhile for his Masters who set him at Work, and distinguish'd him, by giving him the Title of Secretary to the Confederates at Will's Coffee-house. They may be fine Gentlemen for all that I know in their Chambers, and pretty Conversation for the Ladies they Dress themselves up for; their Coaches may make a noble Appearance, and their Footmen's Hat-bands may, like their Masters, rise up and take leave of the Crowns of their Hats; their Penwicks may be well adjust'd, and their Persons set off to the greatest Advantage; yet for all this Sir Richard Blackmore might chuse whether or no he would be laugh'd at for running into their Commendations. Several of 'em are Quality by their Cloths, but forfeit the Name by their Expressions. They have reason perhaps to boast of the Lady's Favours, but will never have any (till they Write better) to brag of the Reader's. In short, if they are Gentlemen, it's more than their Verses speak 'em to be, and 'tis manifest, that they who have chosen Tom Brown for their Leader, fall not a Tittle short of coming up to his admirable Qualifications. Ev'ry individual Man is a Giant in Scandal, and shews his Teeth to a Miracle, but what they would have done, had not the Gentleman they bark'd at been a Physician, it is not in our Power to divine. Bills, Pills, and Kills, are excellent Rhimes; and they had lost the greatest part of their Endeavours after Satyr, had Sir Richard been without that Title, which as it has done him Honour, so he has amply return'd it on the Profession by the Regularities and Success of his Practice. But we have taken the liberty to give some Account of their Works, and ought to do the same by our own; and since in some Places we may be accus'd for running into the same Faults we blame them

The P R E F A C E.

them for, we ought to make what Excuses we can for so doing. We have endeavour'd to answer ev'ry individual Copy as the Nature of 'em seem'd to require. The Scurrilous we have return'd a suitable Roughness to, and to the Dull (which are not very few) a Contempt which is proper for 'em. But where their Verses have seem'd too long for Epigrams, which they were design'd for, we have either answer'd 'em with those that are shorter, or made two or three on the same Subject's; and though the Covent-Garden Wits may make Cuckolds of those Citizens which are Old and Superanuated, yet we hope we have giv'n such a Specimen of our Performance in the following Sheets, that they cannot make Fools of those which are Young. And let their Editor be, as soon as he thinks fit, out with the Verses he promis'd us on Job and Habbakuk, unless he answers 'em himself, he shall not stay so long for our Answer as he has been endeavouring at the performance of his Promise. In the mean time since his Motto speaks him to be a Reader of Martial, without doubt he has met with the following Epigram, which we desire him to apply to himself; and have render'd into English for his Service.

Festive credis te Calliodore jocari,

Et solum multo permaduisse sale.

Omnibus artides, disteria dicis in omnes,

Sic te Convivam posse placere putas.

At si ego non belle sed vere dixero quiddam,

Nemo propinabit Calliodore Tibi.

Brown Thou believ'st Thou're famous for a Jest,

And none like Thou, for Wit, can bear the Test;

Thou flatter'st All, on All Thou fling'st Thy Spight,

Thus think'st Thou Company must needs delight:

But if I speak what's Truth, though coarse and plain,

Thou ne'er will have thy Reck'ning paid again.

Dis-

Discommendatory VERSES,
Which are Truly Commendatory,
ON THE AUTHOR
OF THE
Two ARTHURS,
AND THE
Satyr against WINE.

BY Nature Small, and of a Bwarfish Breed,
Peevish was sent to School, to Write and Read;
Where bri'b'd by Gifts the Pedagogick Don
Abus'd the Father, and Deceiv'd the Son;
As for a fresh Reward he prais'd his Child,
And grasp'd one's Sugar, as he t'other spoil'd.
Thence, swol'n with Figures, and possid With Tropes,
On Iſis he bestow d his Parents Hopes;

B

And

And there H'had scarce put on the Tufted-Gown,
 And wildly view'd the Colleges and Town,
 But Fortune, who no time would let him lose,
 Gave him a Royal Infant for his Muse ;
 And Him he sung with Whimsies in his Brains,
 Praising a borrow'd Prince, with borrow'd Strains.

ON THOSE

Next, when the Doubtful Times were chang'd He saw
 He left the Son, to praise the Son in Law ;
 And with his Righteous Undertaking warm'd,
 He star'd, and in Pindarick Frenzie storm'd ;
 As wisely He the Strongest Side canel'd,
 And curst the Babe his Scolar Lays had play'd.
 All Matters fix'd, and likely to remain
 In favour of the Great Nassovian's Reign,
 The Dapper Squire revolving in his Thought,
 That he that Rhim'd, not please'd as he that Feught ;
 To Arms, as fast as Legs would carry, ran,
 And Fretfully resolv'd to be a Man.
 And since no Spark had walk'd up High-street bolder,
 The Fellow-Commoner turn'd Fellow-Soldier ;
 In Camps pursuing what in Schools h'had read,
 As he Lampoon'd the very Foes he Fled.

But Heay'n, least some mischievous Ball should hit
 This little Prodigy of Rhimes and Wit,
 Put it in William's thoughtful Head to make
 A Peace, and fight no more for Fighting's sake ;
 Thence he return'd, and a rich Father Dead,
 Fatten'd the growing Maggots in his Head,
 As he wrote Epigrams for Ladies Smiles,
 And govern'd in B-street the Leeward Isles.

And now he rides a Tiptoe in his Coach,
 Frowning at every Hack that dares approach ;

B

B

As

As he by Prince and Subject both preferr'd,
Is own'd a Patron, and adjudg'd a Bard;
A Patron fit for Brown's and Magg's Flights,
If he Rewards no better than he Wishes.

To the Poetical Knight, who would have no Body
spoil Paper but Himself.

APox on Rhimes and Physick, ~~sod~~ cry'd,
(And he had Sense and Reason on his side);
For both of Rhimes and Physick H'had his fill,
And swallow'd more than ev'ry Verse a Pill.
A Doctor coming by, and loath to lose
A Knight so Famous for a ~~Poet~~ and Muse,
Offer'd him means to give his Knighthood ease,
And make the radicated Torments cease.
Vile Quack, said he, go patch up Mother ~~Quarles~~,
Sir Richard turn Prescriber to Sir ~~Chur~~,
It shall not be, jog Homeward if you please,
I'll have no Paper spoil'd on my Disease,
The Doctor cry'd, Tis true, th' Infection's such,
Twill certainly discolor't with a Touch;
But I'll affirm, and so withdrawing smil'd,
My Papers may, but Thou canst never be Spoil'd.

To the Prosaick POET, occasion'd by the two
following Lines:

Thy Satyrs Bite not, but like ~~Ellop's~~ Ass,
Thou Kick'st the Darling whom thou wouldst Caress.

TIs plain that Wit at ~~Wit's~~ is very scarce, By the poor Contradictions of thy Verse;

Else surely some Acquaintance would have made
 Those Hobbling Lines speak Sense, which Sense upbraid;
 But thou brain full of emptiness of Thought,
 Betray'st thy self, and by thy self are caught:
 As thou art fashion'd for a standing Jest,
 And giv'st us the Reverse of *Aesop's Beast*;
 Who should, if *Blackmore's Folly* thou'dst have shown,
 Care'st the Man he'd Kick, as Thou hast done.

A

The Noble Corrected, or Advice to a Quality Commentator, who Writes in Defence of Greek Epistles as if he under foot em.

LE~~T~~ Be write on, and fill'd a Man of Letters,
 Prefer Dull Heavy Authors to their Bettors,
 Let him His own to Buy his Sense oppore,
 And knowing little fancy much he knows;
 Let Den in his Commendation strain,
 And Codron praise him, to be prais'd again;
 Let ev'ry Wit, and ev'ry Beau declare
 What his bright Genius is, and what They are;
 As some commend his Parts, and some his Cloths,
 Let him be any thing they please in Prose.

But ye, who seemingly appear his Friends,
 And basely flatter him for stordid Ends,
 Perswade him to avoid the Muses Hill,
 And cease to Wound himself, who'd others Kill.
 For it's enough that he in Prose is Brave,
 And Butchers many an Author in his Grave,
 That against *Dunphy* and *Bentley's* Worth he joyns,
 And plays the Tyrant to a Tyrant's Dine.

T
To

To the Sorry Poetaster at Will's Coffee-House.

Prithee, dear Scribbling Doctor, why so short?
 Rail on if thou'dst have Bl—sh—re thank thee for't:
 Be permanent in Censure and Dispraise,
 And grinning shew thy Teeth ten Thousand ways:
 For 'tis acknowledg'd by the Court and Town,
 Nothing can make him smile like M— Frown.
 He Patients has, 'tis true, which often Die,
 And so, thou'dst vainly say perhaps, have I.
 But Quack, 'tis false, thy Self-destroying Pill
 Ne're had it in its Pow'r as yet to kill,
 And as for Patients which thou Dead would'st own,
 Thou hast as many Living, that is none.

An Equal Match, or the Drawn Battle.

If Bards would have a Shortliv'd Poem writ,
 P—ck should dictate Rules, and T—mb Wit;
 Like which no Mortal piece can e're be found
 With Lines of Constitution so unsound.
 But that where T—mb shall a Judge commence,
 To file the Rust of Wit from P—ck's Sence.

To the Noble Captain, who was in a Damn'd Con-founded Pet, because the Author of the Satyr against Wit, was pleas'd to Pray for his Friend, occasion'd by this Distich.

*His Mercy, not his Justice, made thee Knight,
Which P---r may demand with equal Right.*

B Old Man of War, the drift of thy Designs ?
And let us know the meaning of thy Lines.

If Mercy is a Suffrance of a Fact,
How comes it then to give Rewards, and act ?
Define, and tell us when thou'rt in the right,
And own that Mercy spares, but cannot Knight.
P---r and Thou may be forgot and spar'd,
He for a Traytor, thou a Senelels Bard.
Yet neither can attone for either's Crimes,
He for his Foolish Plot, or Thou for Rhymes.
Though D---k to purge thy Muse shou'd Physick send,
Or S---d should absolve him as a Friend.

I
To the Inviolably Dull Critick, on his Heroical Strains upon the Satyr against Wit.

Some Scribbling Fops as D---is is by Name,
Never can hit, although they always aim,-
And Storm, and Swear, and Drink, and Write for Fame.
What Star prevents 'em, or what Planet shines,
To keep the Lucky Goddess from their Lines ;
Let those decide, who have it in their Sphere,
Doubtless they err, because they persevere.

But

But thou, my crabbed piece of blustering Wit.
 Erring do'st think the wish'd for Mark is hit;
 And, Pox upon thy Judgment and thy Skull,
 Labour'st to be thought intricate and dull.
 For shame, Grave Don, 'tis time that thou were wise,
 Having seen Years enough before thine Eyes.
 E'en do, as Men of Ancient standing shou'd,
 Or understand, or else be understood,
 Since 'tis in vain to shew thy fruitless spight,
 And thou canst find less Faults, than thou canst write.

To a Rhimer, who if he takes pains, Writes as if he did not.

WHO e're Thou art, to Me and Sense unknown,
 Correct not others Follies but thy own;
 Nor dare to Censure R——r's healing Arts,
 Or point at G——n's Wit thy Leaden Darts.
 What have they done to call thy Nonsense forth,
 And make thee shew thy Penury of Worth ?
 Or how could B——re's Muse deserve thy Spight,
 Unless it was for teaching thee to write?

Prithee, for shame acknowledge this Offence,
 And own 'em Men of Skill, and Men of Sence.
 But Oh ! Kind Heav'n forbid it that thy Quill
 Should dare t'attempt their Judgment or their Skill,
 That thou should'st rise and injure 'em with praise,
 And stab their Reputations with thy Lays,
 For nothing but the poison of thy Lities,
 Defeats their Cure, and mocks their great Designs.

A Modest Request to the Poetical Squire.

SInce You to Poetry will make pretence,
And H——ly'll be a Wit in H——y's Sence,
As you resign'd to Dullness, in your Chair,
Think on foul Lines to gratifie the Fair :
Long may you Rhime, and on your Lute and Spinnet
Play many aweful Tune with nothing in it.

But in return my dear Facetious Squire,
For once to gratifie a Friends desire,
Think as I do, you'll fling your Verses in the Fire.

To a Lord who would be a Saint, if he was as free from all other Sins, as he is from Hypocrisie.

Advice to P——rs, th Adviser's Zeal may prove,
But ne'er like Praise can swell 'em into Love.
Then give me leave to do the thing that's safe,
And fling away some Verse in your Behalf.

That you have Travell'd, is exceeding true,
And that your L——p's Muse hath Teeth to shew,
But among all the Frolics you have shewn,
Religion is a Trick you ne'er have known.

To a Lady dignified and distinguish'd by the Name of Critick and Poet, on Her incomprehensible Ratiocinies on the Satyr against Wit.

Believe me, Madam, that your Muse has shown
So foul a Face, I beg you'd hide your own ;

And

And if you'r real Quality be Civil,
For ~~T~~^W—d and ~~A~~^W—se all over is the Devil.

That you're no Pious Lady is confess'd,
By making ~~W~~^W—s Sacred Work your Jeſt;
Which (tho' it does nor with the Witty take) I durſt not
Might please the Wise for its great Subjects sake.
Not but I think you've been at Church ſometimes, **W**
Because you write of Sextons and of Chimes;
But that you are a Woman few can tell.
So right, as thoſe you think you praise fo well.

For Heaven's ſake, Madam, qualifie this Fit,
Some ſpeak you Nobly Born, and yet a Wit?
Nor let me be ſucceſleſs in my Pray'r,
A Muse ſhould not take up a Lady's care;
For 'tis a Composition moſt abſurd,
That's made of Rhimes, of Woman, and of Turd.

To an Author, who never wrote but two Distichs
and an half, and thoſe could not paſſ Mufter.

YOU bid me take my Pen again, 'tis true,
But I ſhall ſcarce requeſt the ſame of You.
Five Lines already have your Judgment ſhewn,
Tho' you'd be more esteem'd for writing none;
And if excess of Dutreeſ Life can give,
You need not scribble Knight, you'r ſure to Live.

*Occasion'd by the News that Tom B——n had the
Courage to Engage with Sir Richard Blackmore,
after his Bookseller had Defeated him.*

When Brown Contending I with R——y,
I wonder'd, but not pity'd either side;
Well knowing, if they were of Scratching sick,
Abel could buy, and Tom could beg a Stick.

Next came a Dun, and at his Garret stood,
He'd have his Money truly that he would,
But still I could not pity him, as knowing
Tom would soon find a Trick to send him going.

But when I saw him brandishing his Muff,
The Bad to Flatter, and the Good Abuse,
With Pity then, and much Concern, I cry'd,
Tom, Do'st thou know what Folly's on thy side?
Give the fierce waspish Col'nel back his Gold,
Nor let thy Praife be bought, thy Lies be sold;
Blackmore and Ye believe us will subdue
Ten Thousand such Malicious Fiends as You.

YHow? Said the Dandy, Most excellent Advice!
A Poet, and the Master of a Sire? —
Find out that Place where we I paid one Score, —
Then I'll return the Guinea's, nor before.

A Tale taken to pieces.

If Shallow Criticks, as your pleas'd to say,
Judge Tully when at Poetry at Play,

And

And Ignorance would censure and suppose
He ne'er had been a *Consul* but for Prose :
How comes it then that *Cesar*, who's confess'd
To know the *Man*, and know his *Talent best*,
Who in Fame's List for Judgment is enroll'd,
(Whether you mean the *Modern* or the *Old*),
Should with the *Shallow* for a *Judge* be brought,
And make their *Sence* authentick with his *Thought*.

O Youth, tho' sweet and flowing be thy Song,
Thy *Numbers* beautious, and thy *Beauties* strong ;
Tho' *Force*, and *Ease* alternately appear,
And *Fancy* glads the *Sight*, and charms the *Ear* ;
Yet, if amidst thy Turns of *Verse* and *Thought*,
Mistake should blend, or Hast neglect a *Fault* ;
If uncorrected Errors shall be found
T'o offend our *Senses*, or our *Judgments wound* ;
As to be *fearless*, is not to be *Brave*,
And *Squire*'s a *Noble*, while a *Knight*'s a *Slave* ;
In vain you measure out your fruitless Lays,
And gloss your want of *Sence* with gilded Praise ;
For if you'd write with *Credit* and *Success*,
You must mind *Judgment* more, and *Friendship* less.

To Codron's and the Lady's Humble Servant

NOT that I blame your Flattery, or your Spleen,
But prithee give's the Sense of what you mean:
Can *Blaekmire* write without *Design*, or *Art*,
And yet design a — at *Codron's Heart*?
Unthinking Bard ! stuff'd up with Praise and Spight,
Gravely consider next before you write,
And if you'd shew a Mat of *Sense* and *Stile*,
Bring other Vouchers than a *Lady's Smile* :
For if I know 'em well, they'd rather chuse
His *Pincle* to divert 'em than his *Muse*. D 2 To

To the same, on the same Subject.

To the same, occasion'd by the Verse which reflects
on Dr. Gibbons (viz.)

He paid his Health to Mirabilis Care & Regn.

Riend, by my Soul, the Devil's in thy Quill,
Or Thou wouldst it never write and judge so ill;
For whilst thou Laught at Gibbon's skill, 'tis sure,
Thou stand'st in need thy self of *Tyson's Cure*.
Nor would the Youth, the Subject of thy Song,
Accept thy Flatteries, or permit thy Tongue
To blast his Credit with defaming Praise,
And take Lethargick Opas from thy Lays;
Was He the Man thy Rhimes would have him be,
Or *Thou* the Man for whom he judges thee.

*Dr. Tyson is Physician to Bethlem Hospital.

An Epigram on Dr. Ch^{tho}-ood.

Poor Job was plagued, of Holy Men the best,
But Ch^{stn} good firs, and in this Life is Bless'd;
With Losses he, and Pains, and Fire was vex'd,
And he divides Fat Capons with his Text.
One had a Fiend and Woman to persuade,
But t'other He can Curse without their aid.
As he delights to play the Tempter's part,
And labours to be Damn'd with all his Heart.
When having lost the Preacher in the Beast,
He shews the Devil, who should act the Priest. An

An Answer to a great many Impertinent Questions.

ME thinks you take too much upon you, Sir,
And tho' you stirring stink, you needs must stir;
Else, why so many Foolish Queries brought
T'upbraid the Querist's want of Sence and Thought?
That he found fault with Wit, is very true,
But, Captain, what a Pox is that to you?
Untouch'd by Satyr you may safely pass,
Unless to be a Wit's to be an A—.

*To the same upon his calling Sir R— B—'s Com-
posures, Coffee Rhimes.*

IF Coffee does Awake the Senses keep,
And guards our Eye-lids from approaching Sleep,
Well hast thou giv'n the Doctor's Rhimes the Name,
And prais'd his Merits, which thou wouldst defame;
For we with *wakeful* Pleasure can peruse,
And meditate the Beauties of his Muse,
When *Thy* Composures we for *Opias* take,
And only run 'em o're for *Sleepings* sake.

*To the Quibbling, Dribbling, Scribbling Poetaster,
who has let himself out for Scandal to the Wits at
Will's Coffee-House.*

PE not puff'd up with Puaning, Friend of mine,
I've Slept o'er many Jests as good as thine;
And tho' at present thou may'st strut and stare,
Blown up with *Treats* and *Covent Garden Air*;
Yet when their Turns are serv'd, believe it, then
Spark thou must Dine on Smoak at *How's* again;
So different is thy wretched State from his,
Thou hast been *Ush*, but never can'st be *Phiz*.

To the same Trifling Fellow, T^m B^rn.

Dame Fortune's just, malicious Fool, I see
 By what sh' has done for Blackmore, and for thee,
 He in his Chariot, which is paid for, sits, M
 And dares the feeble Spleen of Thredbare Wits,
 Who just likethou brush'd out in Tally Soit,
 Laugh at his Coach, but Rascals, laugh a foot.
 E'en take thy fill, and play a Zany's part,
 And censure Judgment, and reflect on Art,
 While he by Parents, and by Children bles'd,
 By Husbands pray'd for, and by VVives caref'd,
 Brings Health and Safety at the Patient's call,
 And rises when thou canst not lower fall.

Upon seeing a Man wipe his Arse with T^m B^rn's
 Satyr against the French King. T

If thirteen Lines should wipe a shitten Arse,
 Thomas, the Man does Justice to thy Verse;
 As it was Born, whatever thou may'st think,
 Thy Ballad makes its Exit too in Stink.
 When Mortal Man is buried, then the Word
 Is Dust to Dust, but here it's Turd to Turd.

An Epigram, occasion'd by Mr. B^mdy's, about
 his Friend Mr. Tate.

Prithee, my gentle Man of Crape, and Pray'r,
 Why so concern'd, and full of Noise and Care?
 Tate, 'tis allow'd, makes Payments when he can,
 And slowly shews himself an Honest Man:
 But I ne'er heard of B^mdy's Payments yet,
 Either in ready Money, or in Wits.
 Then rest contented, as a Man should be,
 Sir Richard ne'er will lay the same of Thee.

A Reply to the Story of the Greek Chevalier.

IF Monarch's (as you'll hav't) on Trust reward,
I shall not ask why Sh——ld was prefer'd ?
But I'll be sworn, and vouch, it as 'tis true,
That Author's baulk'd, who waits Rewards from you.

To the same.

IF you'r a L——d, as whispering Fame reports,
And know the Constitutions well of Courts,
Does not your Honour think 'twould be a hard case,
He could not make a Knight, who made a M——s.

*To the Unworthy Author of the Verses on the Satyr
against Wit.*

IFF *B——re* labours as he writes, to please,
VVhy do'st not thou consult thy Reader's Ease ?
And hammer out a Thought may shew thy pains,
To countenance thy Scarcity of Brains ? I ————— T
Sence may decline, and VVit consummate may
VVer it self out in time, and know decay ; But I don't
But VVit like thine, and stumbling into Rhime,
Defies the Injuries of Fate, or Time : T
Tis still the same amongst the Learn'd and VVise,
And as it cannot fall, it cannot rise.

*Merry Thoughts on Dr. B——n's Melancholy Reflec
tions on the Deficiency of Useful Learning.*

THAT *B——n* Raves, both Friends and Foes conclude,
Yet neither Friends nor Foes can say he's rude ;
Rudeness they know's a meditated Crime,
But *B——n* never thought in all his Time :
Absolve him then from Guilt, his Soul is clean,
For he that never thinks, can nothing mean.

E 2 On

*On the same, to a Friend who said Dr. B^{aynac} Talk'd
like an Apothecary.*

WILL, thou dost much mistake the Doctor's Parts,
And wrong'st his Knowledge, and his great Deserts.
He mimicks no Discourse, or Talks by Rule,
But prattles like Himself, and that's a F~~oo~~l.

On the same Eternal Tatler.

B^{aynac} with noisie Cures may make us smile,
Yet cannot shew one Bill on any File :
What can it be that thus obstructs his Fame ?
Because his Patients cannot say the same.
He on his own Report prescribes his Pills,
But Fame gives out, He neither Cures nor Kills.

To a midnight Author who does not Cant I'll be Sworn.

THAT C—— Drinks hard, and late in Taverns sits,
Tis known for Truth amongst the Bow-street Wits ;
But I deny that VWitness can be brought
That C—— was ever Drunk with too much Thought.

The Adviser taken to Task.

IF Knighthood only be the Hero's Right,
VVhat made a certain Man at Will's, a Knight,
Who never burn'd a Town, or gain'd a Fight?
Sir, you remember certainly what scores
Your Bombs defeated, of dull Sunburn'd Moors,
And how twas counted Valour to retreat,
And Nobler to be beaten than be beat.
Then pray deal fairly, and with Fanie agree,
Owning the Justice of the Doctor's Plea ;
Since He for saving many lives, is known,
VWhen Thou just sav'dst thy self, and that is One. *To*

To the same.

THe Parliament who cry'd down Squibbs and Rockets,
Provided for our Safeties and our Pockets.
Not thinking Engineers in warlike times,
Instead of Squibbs wou'd fall a making Rhimes.
But 'tis no matter, Knight, pursue thy Punns;
They'll do as little Mischief as thy Guns.

To a Great Man who makes himself Little.

WEre I to turn Physician, and prescribe
To certain P — a most facetious Tribe,
I'd not make use of Syringes, and Tricks
To cure their Ulcers, and to mend their
That Ladies foul might hug 'em in their Arms,
And praise their Money, while They praise their Charms.

No, I'd another sort of Cure begin,
And leave their Running-Nags to smart for Sin;
As I prescrib'd Restringents in my Bills,
To cure the running Humours of their Quills,
And make 'em some more noble Frollick seek,
Not try to write that Sence, They cannot spread.

To Tom Brown upon His concealing his Name, when
 He made the Author of the Satyr against Wit,
 the Subject of his harmless Satyr for concealing
 His.

Some Folks may write, and writing be conceal'd,
 When such as Thou take pains to be reveal'd.
 Scandal's a sort of Wit thou giv it the Town,
 And a Brown's Works speak nothing but a Brown.
 As thy lewd Muse with Infamy her Task
 Cannot, because she's poor, provide a Mask.

No more than when her Master in a heat,
 Resolving to be Cudgell'd, or to Beat ;
 For want of Cane-Man's Faith, and want of Pence,
 Could get a Stick to shew his want of Sence.

W
 To the same.
 JOB, as thou say'st, being willing to forget
 The Cause, for which thou mad'st him storm and fret,
 Plundg'd into Lethe's Stream to seek relief,
 And lost the sad remembrance of his Grief drooping
 But take my word, Sir Richard need not use
 That method for the Scandal of thy Muse :
 For what e're flows from such a trifling Sot,
 Dies of it self, and's born to be forgot.

To the same.

TOM, take my word, thou'rt done like Man of Skill,
And I applaud the Conquest of thy Quill ;
The Wife and *Satan* fail'd in Their design ;
But thou had'st brought their *Wish* about in thine.
Thou teachest *Job* most heartily to Curse ;
Satan cou'd ne're have taught him what was worse.

So well thou'st play'd the subtle Tempter's part ;
Yet he must give precedence to thy Art.
As full of Wonder we can neither grant,
Or *Job* the greater *Friend*, or *Brown* the greater *Saint*.

To an Epigrammatic Parson.

TIS false, leud Priest, I speak it to thy Face,
As are thy Actions infamous and base.
His Satyr tickle ? No, it cannot be ;
Especially that part which touches Thee.

Wounds almost cur'd, Experience will teach,
May have a Titillation, and an Itch.
But as for *Thee*, I'de have *Thee* rest assur'd,
Thou'l ne're be tickled, who can't ne're be curst.

*A Consolatory Paper of Verses to Dr. D---ke, upon
the News that He commended the 4th. Edition
of Dr. Garth's Dispensary, and could not get His
own Translation of Herodotus to bear One.*

Bold thy Attempt, let Truth and Friendship speak,
In these dull Times to venture forth at Greek
And dare to Construe and Translate with speed,
What Gentlemen of Practice cou'd not read.

So well the world by thy Turne'st a Date;
Yet as Success not always waits the Brave,
And Heroes lose the Laurel for the Grave;
So tho' thy Volumes by their Bulk disclose
What havock thou ha'st made of Sense and Prose.
Yet to out sorrow We, thy Friends, behold
Thy Price beat down, and ev'ry Sheet unfold;
While other Versions are receiv'd and bought,
Pigmies in Mischief to the Giant thought.

However, Man, take heart of Oak, and dare
Ev'n still to hew the World thy Stupid Care,
To mangle other's Works thy time employ,
Fools may, perhaps, at last be found to buy;
And thou acknowledg'd with thy skilful Pen,
As fit to murther Sense, as murther Men.

O D---ke! How great shall be thy future Name!
What multitudes of Trunks shall speak thy Fame!
Band-Box shall in thy Vindication file,
And many a Cook with thee defend his Pies,
Which otherwise (I'm to thy merit just)
Would never tempt Young Children with their Crust.

Then

Then take Thy Pen, as Men of Letters shou'd,
And Scrible for succeeding Trader's good.

What ! If some certain Booksellers agree
Not to be Broke by such a Scribe as Thee,
•Tis Ten to One, but Thou A Chap mayst find
Among the Trading sort of Human Kind,
Who for the sake of dealing once in Greek,
Will take it off Thy hands, and nobly break.

Arise then, Friend, and reassume thy Pen,
And swear By G-d, 'tis good, like Ancient Ben;
Like a true Author magnifie thy Pain,
And tell Ben T' o' k he has no Guts in Bratiss'd
Who durst such useful Knowledge to decry,
He cannot understand, who does not buy.

These are the ways preceding Writers us'd
When once flung by, and Their own Price refus'd,
And These, my Friend, are what the present tread,
As soon as slighted and return'd unread.

Curse ey'r thing in Print which has Success,
Make Author's write, and Readers buy, by guess;
Like Paper Kites, let other's Labour's fly,
And by mere force of Wind be born on high.
But rest assur'd, and eafe in Thy Mind,
Thy Volumes dare the most Tempestuous Wind,
Though North and South, and each contending blast,
Should in united Stòrms their Furies cast,
Unmov'd by Force, and uninform'd by Sence,
Stupidity shall be their safe Defence ;
Fix'd to their Shelves no Winds can make 'em rise,
And there Thou'l let 'em lie, if thou art wise.

*To Mr. F. M. on his Incomprehensible Farce,
which goes by the Name of the Generous
Choice.*
By a Lady.

THY THOUGHTS were never great, it's very plain,
By this poor Trifling product of Thy Brain;
But I, in question do my Judgment call,
If Thou hadst Brain, Thou wouldest not write at all.

*To the same, on his Poem, call'd Greenwich-
Hill.*
By another Lady.

LAWYER, and Bard, believe me for Thy Friend,
If I Thy stupid Poem don't Command.
The Lady's are Indebted to Thy Quill,
And Greenwich must acknowledge Thy good will;
But now Thou'lt prais'd 'em both, dear Scribbler, see
If any Books will go the same by Thee.

A Pun, by Mr. D— P—

To T^o B^m upon his Witch's Trifly Broomstaff.

BY all the Puns that D—~~—~~ ever made,
Most wisely fitted, and most bravely said,
Broomstaff must own, if Broomstaff had a Tongue,
It owes it's chiefest glory to thy Song.

Trusty's a Noble Epithet, and Safe,

A Witch can never fall from such a Staff: *W^r S^t*
But Thou must own, if Thoud'st to Truth be just,
*S*Thou'dst sooner givt a Vixen if H^ed T^og.

To the same, by one who is Free of the Saddler's Company.

THAT we have wooden Horses at our Doors,
Is full as True as Thine has Chalks and Scores,
Our's stand without, but Thomas, 'tis no Sin,
To say, Thy Garret has an Als within.

To the Infamous Poetaster at Will's Coffee-House.

IF Wit (as Thou art told) is a Disease,
Thou needst not give Sir R^t B^{la}ke F^{ee}s,
For ev'ry Fool, with any Brains, must own,
He cannot Purge off Humours, where are none.

To the Gentleman whom Dr. C^o-lbstch Cur'd of the Gout.

SIR, If you feign would shew the Doctor's Skill,
Ask Him, who Cur'd your Legs, to cure your Quill,

And You will never Write so cursed ill.

To the same.

SIR, We Rejoyce to hear that You are sound, Wth A
That you drink Wine, and send the Glasses round;
That Punks no more your want of Strength upbraid,
But all Love's reck'nings now are fully paid.

E'en take the Manly Pleasures of the Field,

And follow the Delights which Dramasyield.

But be Advis'd, and once, I beg You, think,
Quit the Debauches of Leud Pen and Ink.

The Doctor's Mother Thought, 'tis very plain,
Amongst Her Childbed Pangs, and felt the Pain; H^{er}
But Your's ne're Thought at all, I durst believe, I
By the few signs of Thought Your Writings give.

To a Blustering Poet, who never Spoke or Wrote any thing that was taken notice of before.

It Tell Thee Man, thy Charges I desie,
I Stradle and Damn Thy self, why, what care I,
Put off the Fool, and he'll put off his Rhimes,
For Fool's make Poets in our Senceless Times:
Be Wise in Day-time, and be Chast at Night,
And That's the way to make Him cease to Write.

An Epigram on Tom Brown.

HOW *Brown* was born in *Garret* or in *Cell*,
Let those determine who can better tell ;
Or for what Ends the vengeful Heav'n's design'd
This Pestilence of Wit and human Kind :
But this I dare affirm, without a Lie,
His Epigrams are only born to die.

On the Same.

IF *Arthur* from a *Ravish'd Parent* came,
Thy Ballad's merry Birth is much the same ;
For Thou (believe it Bard without Offence)
Writing, dost still commit a Rape on Sense.

An Epigram flung away on a certain Ballad-making Senator.

VHERE *N*—n lives I cannot tell,
If ne'er so fain I wou'd ;
But *N*—n this I know full well,
Where'er the Maggot makes you dwell,

You'll never do much good.

Notes on the two Celebrated Copies in the Commendatory Verses, to let the Reader know the difference between the faithfulness of their Epitome and our Copies; taken verbatim from their own Words, without the omission of one Line.

BY Nature meant, by Want a Pedant made,
Black'd at first set up the Whipping-Trade,
Had'st Thou been whipp'd Thou never wouldest Schools upbraid.

Grown D — tis, wood or quicke H — C — is, Foy —

Grown fond of Buttock, he would lash no more,
But kindly cur'd the A—se he gall'd before :

And prithee where's the Sin to cure a Sore?

So Quack commenc'd ; thence fierce with Pride he swore
That Tooth-Ach, Gripes, and Corns, should be no more :

Had he said Fops, thou'dst call his Mother Whore.

In vain his Drugs, as well as Birch he try'd,
His Boys grew Block-heads, and his Patients dy'd,

Then Thou hast got the Block-heads on thy Side.

Next he turn'd Bard and mounted on a Cart,
Whose hideous Rumbling made Apollo start ;

Doubtless thy Coachman drives with Ease and Art.

Burlesqu'd the bravest, wisest Son of Mars,
In Ballad-Rhimes and all the Pomp of Farce,

A Commendation fit to wipe his A—se.

Still he chang'd Callings, and at length has hit

On Busines, for his matchless Talent fit

To give us Drenches for the Plague of Wit.

Thou need'st no Drench take Bl—re's Word for it.

Bold thy Attempt in these hard Times to raise

In our unfriendly Clime the tender Bays,

But bolder tbine thy Country to dispraise.

While Northern Blasts drive from the neighb'ring Flood,

And nip the springing Laurel in the Bud ;

That tbine e'er sprung I never understood.

On such bleak Paths our present Poets tread,

The very Garland withers on each Head,

When thou best none to wither, as it's said.

In vain the Criticks strive to Binge the Soil,

Fertile in Weeds is mock'd their busy Tail,

And D—ke's shoot up to be a C—er's Foyl.

Spon-

Spontaneous Crops of Job's and Arthur's rise,
Whose tow'ring Nonsense braves the very Skies,
While poor Herodotus unprinted lies.

Like Paper-Kites the empty Volumes fly,
And by meer force of Wind are rais'd on high;

Thy Works would do the same if T^{oo}-ke would buy.

While we did these with stupid Patience spare,
And from Apollo's Plants withdrew our Care;

The Plants far'd ne'er the worse I durst to sweat,
The Muses Garden did small Product yield,
And Hemp and Hemlock over-ran the Field;

I warrant 'twas because thou laid'st conceal'd.
Till skilful Garth with Salutary Hand,
Taught us to Weed and Cure Poetick Land;

But thou ne'er learn'd'st the Cure I understand.
Grubb'd up the Brakes and Thistles which he found,
And sow'd with Verse and Wit the sacred Ground,

Not Verse and Wit like thine, which cannot wound.
But now the Riches of that Soil appear,
Which four fair Harvests yield in half a Year;

Four more than thy Translation e'er will bear.
No more let Criticks of the Want complain,
Of Mantuan Verse or the Maenian Strain:

For those two Books are in the Press again.
Above 'em Garth does on their Shoulders rise,
And, what our Language wants, his Wit supplies;

Who says the same of Thine by Heaven lies.
Fam'd Poets after him shall stretch their Throats,
And unfledg'd Muses chirp their infant Notes;

Unfledg'd I guess because they have no Coats.

Yes

Yes Garth; thy Enemies confess thy Store; yet they burst with Envy, yet they burst with Envy,

A sort of Envy never known before. Ev'n we, thy Friends, in doubt thy Kindness call, To see thy Stock so large and Gift so small;

Some Folks had lik'd him, if no Gift at all, But Jewels in small Cabinets late laid, And richest Wines in little Casks convey'd;

Thou seldom drink'st those Wines I am afraid. Let lumpish Bl^{ake} his dull Hackney Beight,

And break his Back with heavy Folio's Weight,

For which if I were He, I'd break thy Pate. His Pegasus is of the Flanders Breed,

And Limb'd for Draught or Burthen, knot for Speed;

A Sign his Strength of Thought does thin exceed. With Capt-Horse Trot he swears beneath the Pack,

Of Rhining Prose, and Knighthood on his Back;

A Burthen shoul'd ne'er bear, malicious Quare. Made for a Drudge e'en let him beat the Road,

And tug of senseless Reams th' Heroick Load;

Thou hast Reams by thee cannot get abred, 'Till overstrain'd, the Jade is set, and tires,

And sinking in the Mud with Groans expires;

Who say thy Muse can sink are errant Lyes. Then Bl^{ake} shall this Fav'ur owe to Thee;

That thou perpetuatest his Memory,

Collier has done the very same by Thei^r Bavius and Mayius, so their Works survive.

And in one single Line of Virgil's like, A Gift which all Thy Lines can never give,